



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Leo X., the second chapel in the church of St. Andrea della Valle; part of the Campidoglio; the superb deposito, in S. Pietro in Vincoli; the chapel of Sig. Sforza, in the Basilica of Santa Maggiore; some alterations, particularly to the church of Santa Maria del Angeli, formerly one of the halls in the baths of Dioclesian, &c.

Clemente had conceived the idea of employing him in two large pictures, the Fall of the Angels, over the door, and the Last Judgment, on the opposite side, over the altar of the Sistine Chapel. The times prevented, and death intercepted, the execution of the plan. It was resumed in part by Paul III., who, soon after his succession, in a visit which he paid the artist in person, attended by ten cardinals, prevailed on him to undertake the altar-piece, or rather to fill up the enormous façade of the chapel above the altar with the immense composition of the Last Judgment. This, if we follow Vasari, he must have accomplished in seven years. He indulged in this a satirical humor, by introducing, among the damned, a cardinal who was his enemy. His last public work was in the opposite chapel, called the Paulina. The subjects which he chose were the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter.

Michel Angelo called oil-painting the art of females and of idlers; and that he never practised it, is now reduced to the solitary evidence of one picture. He is the inventor of epic painting, in the sublime compartments of the Sistine Chapel. He has personified motion in the groups of the Cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of Lorenzo; unravelled the features of meditation in his Prophets and Sibyls; and in the Last Judgment, exhibited every attitude that varies the human body, and traced the master-trait of every passion that sways the human heart.

For a more particular account of this great artist see *Vita di Michangiolo Buonarroti*, by Ascanio Condivi, Quatremere de Quincy's *Life*, and Kugler's *Schools of Painting, in Italy*.

ANGELO, Michel Amerighi, da Caravaggio. See CARAVAGGIO.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

One cause why Art has attained in France a position of so much dignity and importance, is the fact that its disciples there pursue it with such courage and self-devotion. The privations to which they often submit, and the time and attention they employ in acquiring its rudimentary principles, would startle some of our young men, who attempt subjects of the greatest difficulty in the first years of their noviciate, and indignantly proclaim that Art is neglected amongst us, because they cannot sell their crude productions at the prices of masterpieces. We find in a French journal the biography of a young sculptor, whose energy and perseverance entitled him to a better fate than he met. His history is instructive and interesting, notwithstanding its melancholy termination. It purports to be written by a brother artist, and we have here attempted to translate the substance of it, being obliged, by our limits, to omit several interesting passages.

It was in March, 1844, if I remember correctly, in the midst of a deluge of rain, that we buried a comrade of ours, who had died shortly before at the hospital of St. Louis. After the unpretending hearse had entered the cemetery, two laborers were summoned by the whistle of the undertaker, and went forward to dig the grave. When we reached the burial place, they had nearly accomplished their task, which was rendered easier by the rain. The coffin was

taken from the hearse, lowered by means of ropes to the bottom of the trench, and the hole filled up in less than two minutes.

"Poor devil," said one of the grave-diggers, with a tone of coarse pity, "he will not be very warm down there."

"Nor we above here," said his companion, shivering under the furious gust. "It would be well to take a little something hot;"—and the two, shouldering their spades, approached him who seemed to be the chief mourner, for their drink-money.

The friend of the dead man rummaged his pockets, where, instead of silver, he felt his hand clutched by that insatiable demon who was generally lodged there, and then directed to the other friends inquiring glances, which each of them was obliged to answer by a silent shrug.

"My good fellows," said the chief-mourner to the grave-diggers, "we have no money left."

"Enough said," replied the man, seeing, doubtless, that there was no inheritance to come upon; "*it will do the next time.*"

This tragi-comic answer made us shudder; for, under the circumstances, it almost amounted to a prophecy, when the second grave-digger added,

"These gentlemen are customers: I know their faces."

And well he might, for this was the third



"THE FILATRICE."

Drawn by WALLIN, and engraved by ROBERT & EDMONDS, from the original statuette by H. K. BROWN, twenty copies of which in bronze were included in the distribution of the American Art-Union for 1850.

time, in six weeks, we had brought thither one whom we did not take back. The reader may comprehend the effect of this sentence, "*it will do the next time,*" upon persons who felt that Death was amongst them, and were already asking, as they counted the vacant places, "whose turn will come next?"

As the grave-diggers went off, a comrade arrived, who had left us at the gate of the cemetery, to procure at a shop where such articles are sold, the wooden cross that was to indicate temporarily the resting-place of the deceased. The lettering was still wet, and having been abridged by an economy which forced us into calculations in the midst of our grief, contained only the name and profession of the dead man. These words were written in white, on a black ground—

JOSEPH D—s,

ARTISTE STATUAIRE.

and below were the three classic tears, wept at so much per hundred, by a lachrymose paint-brush.

After this humble and melancholy ceremony was over, we withdrew, bidding a last farewell to the friend who had gone so early. Nevertheless, such were then the hardships of our lot, that more than one of us, perhaps, murmured in the depths of his soul, before that scarcely closed grave, "is he to be regretted or envied?"

The rain all this time was still falling in torrents.

I desire to narrate the biography of this patient and courageous worker, and place before the eye of the public an unknown name, which would not, doubtless, have remained so, had he who bore it obtained from Death a sufficient respite.

Joseph D. was born at Bouchain, a small fortified town of the Department du Nord, which once held a whole division of the Prussian army in check under the cannon of its ramparts. The love of that Art, in whose service he was to live and die with devoted faithfulness, was born with him, and manifested itself as real "callings" generally do, in his most youthful days. His parents, who followed a small business that scarcely supported them, incapable of comprehending his inclinations, which had been developed by the study of drawing in a free school, would have obliged him after he had arrived at the proper age to learn some manual occupation like their own. A fortunate circumstance enabled him to escape the carpenter's plane or the tailor's needle. One of the professors of the drawing school found him a pupil's place in the office of a government architect, who had then a great quantity of work in hand. After a month's trial, Joseph was able to earn a salary, moderate, it is true, but sufficient to relieve his family from the burthen of his support. At the end of six months his daily labor in the first ateliers of Paris fetched him seven or eight francs.

But one fine morning Joseph found he had had enough of the square and compasses, which occupied all his time, and withdrew him from his main object. He went to M****, the sculptor, and showing him his port-folio of studies, said, bluntly, "This is what I can do: I would like to be a sculptor: will you give me lessons?" M**** answered, "Go to my atelier and apply to the *massier*,* he is the person to attend to your application;" which was equivalent to saying—"Pay your month's dues in advance, and you will have the right to participate in the daily lesson of an hour that I give to my pupils." Joseph paid his month's dues to the *massier*, and an initiation fee of a hundred francs to his fellow pupils, who, in consideration of that, abstained from inflicting upon him a hundred petty miseries with which all freshmen are habitually favored.

After remaining some time in the atelier****, Joseph, who was already skilful in modelling in the clay, inscribed his name as a competitor for admission to the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. The title of pupil here is a sort of grade, which renders the way more easy to the *Villa Medicis*.† To be a pensioner of the French school at Rome, is the goal towards which all young French artists strive, and such was the sole ambition of Joseph.

His trial figure made a commotion among his comrades. It was modelled with a furor that betokened a strong predisposition for the passionate transports of Michael Angelo, and represented a woman of such opulence of form, that one would have taken her to be the wife of the giant Atlas. The professor, who was an

apostle of the thin and slender style, cried out, turning his eyes in horror from this robust lady in a twisted attitude:

"Was it an elephant that you intended to model, young man?" Joseph had no love for this Academician, who for twenty years had been always making the same statue, baptized by different Greek or Roman names, but invariably representing a lath-like member of the Fire Brigade in a state of nudity. He replied, turning, at the same time, the platform of his working bench, so as to show his figure in all postures: "Yes, sir, it is an elephant." "Then, my young friend," replied the professor, as malicious as a monkey, "if it be an elephant you have forgotten the proboscis."

Joseph was refused admission to the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*.

He revenged himself for this rebuff by a complaint dedicated to the professor, who had one shoulder better made than the other, and whose gibbosity in this part was a pincushion, into which the pupils every day thrust a thousand pins of railery. The "complaint" of Joseph rendered it famous in the world of *Rapins*, and took the place of the celebrated ballad of *Jean Belin*, "who had obtained of the Grand Turk the favor of passing the Pont Euxine without paying a sous to the porter." By way of parenthesis we may say, that this ballad of *Jean Belin*, is a chef-d'œuvre of wild grotesqueness. It was composed, as it states itself, "by the great St. Luke, when he studied painting of M. Duval le Camus." As a sample of this kind of poetry well appreciated in the ateliers, and which bears the name of *Scie*, we will cite the first stanza of Joseph's *Romançe*, of which one still sees some illustrations upon the walls of the school:—

"O Rapins de Damiette
De Constantinople aussi,
Venez ecouter ma si
Deplorable historiette
Ca se chante en cle' de si
N' y en a pas—c'est une scie."

Fifty couplets, to the tune of *Fualdes!* They mention people who have died of it.

Ah! those days of innocent fun—those pleasant days when we were climbing, by the gentlest acclivity, that hill of life, whose pathway, according to Lamartine, is green only as we are ascending! Ah! that epoch of exaggerated enthusiasm, which we waste without reflection as if it were an inexhaustible treasure! Soon, alas, upon this journey, do we strike our feet against the black flint stone, with which the ancients marked the bad days of their calendar. The road is pleasant to the eye and easy to the feet, when suddenly, at a whistle of the Prompter, the scene changes, and we find ourselves in the midst of barren Pyrenees of obstacle and danger.

This was what happened very soon to Joseph.

One day his father took him to task for this unprofitable employment of his time. His former place, he said, brought him in some money, but since he had left that, and taken to the "making of naked men and women, he had not earned a single sous."

"I shall earn something by and by," said Joseph, who began to see in what quarter the wind was sitting.

"By and by is far off, my boy. With your mother and your brother, we are four in the family, who have all of us mouths under our

noses. I advise you to go back to your first business, which promised well; for I am afraid if you continue in this employment I shall see you some day as naked as the men and women you are making. You are seventeen years old, and at that age a boy ought to be strong enough to knead his own daily loaf."

The good man D*** was not wrong after all. Joseph understood him; but he had gone too far to retreat. He replied that he would in future take care of himself. He accordingly left his father's home, and went to lodge with one of his friends. He found himself too poor to pay the monthly dues of the atelier; but, remembering that M*** had more than once expressed satisfaction at his performances, he thought the sculptor would perhaps allow him to remain without compensation. When he made the request, however, he was again referred to the *massier*. There was no need of spectacles to see that this amounted to a refusal. He then, under the advice of a friend, sought out M. Rudde, and confided his situation to that gentleman. The author of the *Cato* of the Tuileries, and the bas-relief of the *Departure*, the most beautiful of those which decorate the Triumphal Arch, received Joseph with paternal kindness. He perceived in him a full-blooded artist, valiantly tempered for great combats; and he encouraged him warmly to persevere, offering his advice and his atelier, and feeling happy, he said, to entertain an artist of so much ability.

A short time after this circumstance, I became acquainted with Joseph. A mutual friend introduced me to him. It was the day of the opening of the Exposition: the same year in which Delacroix exhibited his *Medea*. Joseph lodged in the street Cherche-midi, in a courtyard, where there was a cow-house. You reached his room by a staircase that would have alarmed a clumsy man, and seemed to have been put up in concert with the surgeon of the neighborhood to supply him with broken legs. When you entered the lodging, you saw that Penury was the sovereign mistress there. Of furniture, properly speaking, there was nothing, excepting a miserable couch, whose single mattress, let out in yawning rents its stuffing of cow's-hair. In the corner was a *beaufet*, in the style of Louis XV., the copper ornaments of which had doubtless been sold in some day of necessity. It was in the evening that I went there, in the midst of most abominable weather of snow and frost. Five or six of Joseph's friends were gathered in a circle in the centre of the atelier. "You are cold," said he to me, enlarging the ring, in order to give me a place. "Come hither; this is our stove," added he, laughing. That fantastic stove, which I sought in vain with my eyes, was the work of the ingenious spirit of Necessity, and I began to understand what the artist meant when I saw in the centre of the flooring of the atelier that a hole of a foot square had been cut, through which ascended a column of warm vapor furnished by the atmosphere of the stable below. This system of caloric, a little odoriferous, perhaps, was sufficient to diffuse in the atelier a gentle heat, which formed a tolerable defence against the attacks of old Winter, mounting to the assault by the ill-joined windows. An expression of the greatest discouragement was painted upon the countenances of the four or

* The *massier* (mace-bearer) is the pupil in the ateliers who is charged with keeping the accounts.

† The villa in which the French school at Rome is established.

five young men who were assembled there. Their works had been refused at the Exposition. Hence a concerto of curses against the Jury. Joseph was the only one who preserved a reasonable moderation. He attempted to argue the point with the others. "You are wrong," said he to one who was vociferating the loudest; "over and over again wrong. Without doubt injustice has been done this year as usual, but you have no right to complain of it, for in rejecting your work they committed one act of injustice the less."

"There are a hundred pictures at the Louvre no better than mine."

"It is not the mediocrity of those that gives value to yours."

"But you know well," replied the other, "I did not begin till late, and was obliged to hurry—to work under unfavorable circumstances: it was not my fault that I have not done better."

"Neither is it the fault of the Jury," said Joseph.

"And you," said I to him; "have you been more fortunate than these gentlemen?"

"I have sent nothing to the Louvre," he answered. "I do not feel myself ripe yet for a serious debut. When I shall attempt it and be refused, I want to have some right to complain. Besides, I am in need of the first necessities. With the expense of indispensable materials, the model and the casting, the smallest statue costs at least two hundred francs. These sums of three figures are not easily found. I must wait."

"Meanwhile," says some one, "we lead a hard life of it."

"And we are not at the end of it yet," said Joseph. "But," added he, with vivacity and good sense, also, "you astonish me, all of you. You remind me of people who go all the way to Strasburgh to mount the bell-tower there, and who declare themselves fatigued at the very first step. You have not been deceived, however. Art has this that is good about her—she is frank and open. She says, 'If you have talent, I will give you, some day or other, a little glory, and fifteen sous wine at all your meals; but from hence to that point the road is a hard one, and sown with sharp nails. Think well before you decide, but if you once accept the offer, never complain and discourage your comrades.'"

Joseph, of all the young men to whom he gave this lecture, was, in fact, the only one who had, as they say, something in his stomach. He had a fresh and obstinate faith—a spirit of indefatigable perseverance. He managed to tame Penury, and support her from habit, and by a sort of carelessness, very much as one does a shrill-voiced, scolding mistress, who has her good points. In his case enthusiasm did not exclude reason. He was not slow in perceiving, that by pursuing the course in which he was then engaged, he should never attain the object at which he was aiming. The necessary materials for his work were failing him, and the sale of his sketches produced him nothing beyond a mere subsistence. He determined, therefore, without entirely abandoning his art, to take up an occupation, which was in some degree connected with it, and which might, in time, not only support him, but afford enough to enable him to return, at some future day, to his art, and devote himself to it with sure prospects of success. He entered as a workman into the employment

of Romagnesi, a decorator, with whom he labored for more than a year. He left this place on account of a dangerous illness he took, in passing several nights at work in a badly enclosed building, upon the funeral car which was making to transport the remains of the Emperor. He gained by this labor forty or fifty francs a night. His sickness, that lasted during a part of the hard winter of 1840, took off most of his earnings. However, the summer campaign opened encouragingly. The architects, his old friends, found his assistance necessary to them. He was no longer a workman. He now composed designs and ornaments. Endowed with great powers of imitation, his conceptions were rapid. There are some charming things from his hands, which rival the most wonderful caprices in stone or marble that the genius of the Renaissance has spread upon the walls of Chambord, Chenonceaux, or Anet.

These works paid him well, and his hoard of money began to increase; for he lived with great sobriety, and in every respect limited his expenses. His only pleasure was to caress the hope of being able, at some future day, to detach from a fine block of marble the ideal Galatea, which he felt already alive in his thoughts. He placed all his savings in a little purse, the capacity of which had been nicely calculated, so as to receive in gold the exact sum which he had fixed upon, to enable him to commence, in entire liberty, the work with which he was to make his debut at the Saloon. He needed for this twelve hundred francs. One evening he showed to me his treasure. "The day," said he, "when I can put nothing more in my purse, I shall know that I have the required sum. The time approaches. I need only five or six louis." I met him several days afterwards. He was radiant with pleasure. He approached me, making his pockets jingle. "I am bursting with plenty," said he. "My purse is full, and see what I have over. Come and breakfast with me. After that we will look after an atelier, and in eight days I shall be at work." He engaged an atelier—the same now occupied by M. Yvon, who is finishing there a gigantic commission for Russia. At parting we made an appointment to meet the next day at his rooms. When I went there at the hour named, I found him pale and agitated, and just about making a deposition before the commissary of the police. While we were together the evening before he had been robbed. The theft was ascribed to a slater, who, while repairing a neighboring roof, had seen Joseph counting his little treasure. The police, however, could discover no trace of the money. This event was a terrible blow to the artist. "There are people who have no luck," said he, "who would lose with all the trumps of the pack in their hands. N'importe," he continued, "I will try the assault of the Louvre with the little I have left. I will enter with plaster, instead of bronze or marble." All his courage returned to him. He attempted to raise means by the sale of statuettes—works of fancy for which he could to a certain extent dispense with models, thanks to his anatomical knowledge. The editors Susse, Giroux, and others, complimented him profusely, but did not buy. "Call yourself Pradier," said they, "and we will pay you fifteen hundred francs with our eyes shut."

Penury returned and knocked at the door of his lodgings. She entered terrible and pitiless, as an enemy who had once been conquered, but now triumphed in her turn, and was using, without mercy, the right of reprisals. His destitution had reached such a point, that one day, a friend of his having asked him to dinner, Joseph answered naively, "I fear it will incommode me. It is not my day." Instead of tobacco, he smoked the leaves of the walnut tree, which he gathered in the woods of Verrieres, and cut fine after having dried them. A single hope sustained him—it was the approaching opening of the Exhibition. In a chamber without fire, in the midst of a Siberian temperature, he worked for three months upon a *Saint Anthony*, for he had been forced to renounce his group of *Galatea*, the costly execution of which had been postponed until better times. Notwithstanding its cheapness, even modelling clay was too expensive for his empty purse—that same purse that had contained almost a fortune, and which, by a strange sort of mockery, his robber had left behind. He collected the clay with his own hands in some fields in the environs of Paris. A rag-picker of the street Mouffetard, whom he had met I know not where, sat to him as a model, at five sous the hour; and three-quarters of the time this angel of a model invented ruses to prevent himself from being paid. He was seized with a love almost fraternal for Joseph; and without any comprehension of the art, had espoused all the hopes and enthusiasm of the artist. When Joseph said to him, pointing to the window panes, where the frost had engraved all the caprices of an iridescent Mosaic,—“Enough for the day, Father Tirly; it is cold.” The good old man answered, “Bah! when one has been on the Beresina, this place of yours seems like an oven.” When the last stroke of the modelling stick was given to the statue, Father Tirly was as happy as the sculptor himself. The epoch was approaching assigned for the artists to send in their productions. The casting of the statue in plaster was now to be undertaken. Michelli, Fontaine, and the other workmen in this line, were not willing to risk a credit, seeing the destitution of Joseph. All he could obtain was from one of them a supply of the necessary plaster. Aided by some of his friends, he moulded his statue himself. The operation lasted two days, and succeeded prosperously. They were then on the eve of the day when the works destined for the exhibition should be taken to the Louvre—before midnight at the latest, the operations of the Jury being about to commence the succeeding morning. During the night an increase of cold manifesting itself, Joseph, in order to diminish the action of the frost upon his statue, the plaster of which was still fresh, and had not acquired the solid coherence it would gain by drying, stripped himself of all his clothing, and heaped it upon the Saint Anthony, like a warm cuirass against the biting weather, thus playing the part of another Saint Martin. The next day two or three friends came to assist him to transport the statue to the Louvre. The small cart he had engaged for the purpose arrived four hours too late. This was not all. A second fatality intervened in the shape of an absurd porter, who declared that nothing should pass out of the house until certain arrears of rent had been paid. They tried to convince him that a statue was not a

piece of furniture, and that the law did not permit its detention. The porter would listen to nothing, and petrified in his stupid obstinacy, declared that they should obtain the permission of the owner of the house before it should be moved. This person lived at Passy, whither the friends of Joseph ran. He was not at home, and would not return till dinner time. They went at the hour appointed, and found he had just before gone out. It was then eight o'clock in the evening. They applied to a justice of the peace. He referred them to a commissary of police, who at first sustained the porter, but upon the representations which Joseph made of the wrong they were doing him in causing him to lose the Exhibition, the commissioner authorized at last the removal of the statue. Eleven o'clock had now arrived. They had only an hour left to go to the Louvre. A dangerous frost rendered the streets almost impassable. The carriages went upon a walk. The journey would require three good hours, and they had but one! To cap the climax certain repairs of the sewers obliged them to take the longest way. In passing over the Pont Neuf Joseph and his friends heard the half hour strike.

"It is half past eleven," said Joseph, who was sweating great drops, although the thermometer marked the cold of the poles.

"It is half past twelve," shouted a young man from among a group of artists who, having arrived too late at the Louvre, were returning with their pictures. They were keeping up their courage and singing gaily, "Allons nous en, gens de la noce."

Joseph and his friends returned.

That year the artists who had been refused at the Louvre and some others of greater name appealed from the Jury to public opinion by founding the Exhibition of the bazaar Bonne Nouvelle, to which they sent their works. The *Saint Anthony* of Joseph was exhibited there as well as a small statuette of *Margaret*, which seemed to have sprung in its deep melancholy direct from the imagination of Goethe. These two works were bought for one hundred and fifty francs by the conservator of the Museum of Compeigne. This miserable sum permitted Joseph to drag along a sad existence for some time—almost a year. It was then that he entered the Hospital by the favor of an Interne, for he had no characterized malady. At the end of three months he died there of exhaustion, leaving as a legacy to the good sisters who had attended him a little figure of an angel, which one may see yet in the Chapel of the community. His works which remain almost all in an unfinished state, are scattered here and there among the ateliers of his friends. M. de Beranger possesses one of them in his cabinet. It is a little statuette of a wounded grenadier, the style of which recalls the best *grognaards* of Charlet.

Joseph D*** died at the age of twenty-three years, without bitterness against life, without recrimination against the art which had slain him, but like a brave soldier who falls upon the field of battle whilst saluting his flag.

"It was a maxim of Raphael's, (handed down to us by Federigo Zuccari,) that things should be represented, not as they are actually found to exist, but as they ought to exist."—*Lanzi*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.

LONDON, 16th May, 1851.

To the Editor of the Art-Union Bulletin.

SIR: Upon a second visit to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, my appreciation of LANDSEER'S exquisite painting of *Titania and Bottom* is more than confirmed, whilst Herbert loses something by a nearer acquaintance.

"*Caxton's Printing-office in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey*," by MACLISE, is the picture, however, which finds most favor in the eyes of the public, if we may judge by the crowd which always surrounds it. It is certainly well calculated to captivate the regard of the many. It is very vigorous and powerful, and is full of all the detail of type, paper, and press; and this portion of it is treated with a dexterity and command of brush which leave little to be desired—the "little" being a desire for dirt, for never before were such beautifully clean presses seen. The grouping of the personages engaged is well arranged, and the different stuffs in which they are habited well distinguished. In color it is strong and crude, but better in this respect than the pictures Mr. Maclise has exhibited since his practice in fresco. But when we come to regard the heads and their expression, we find much that is conventional—heads again introduced which Maclise had long ago stamped as his own—and all the heads singularly deficient in intellectual character—a serious defect always, but more particularly in a work of the kind. Then, too, there is an inversion of the laws of perspective—the figures in the immediate foreground being smaller than those which are some paces removed back. Altogether the work impresses one as that of a man possessing more strength than feeling, more vigor of hand than delicacy of thought.

It is in one of Sir Charles Eastlake's books that I have met with this expression of what should be the aim of art: "Character is relative beauty, life is the highest character, mind is the highest life." And it is worth pondering upon. And we shall find that it, or some similar thought, has been pondered by WARD, else he never could have produced so touching a painting as the prison scene in which Louis XVI. sleeps whilst Marie Antoinette mends his clothes. It is just one of those themes which an ordinary painter would have made mawkishly sentimental, but here we have none of the tinsel of woe, but a scene which is life-like in its simple pathos and reality.

CORE has no picture which can compare with his *Lear* of last year. FRITH and POOLE keep to the level of their reputation. Egg halts, nor does the new associate Hook quite equal his former achievements, although a picture of his from the *Merchant of Venice*, tells the story well, is very agreeable in color, and presents us with an exquisite *Portia*.

The author of *Modern Painters* has within these few days written to the Times in depreciation of the severe criticism which the band who call themselves Pre-Raphaelite have received from the press. But these gentlemen may well exclaim to be preserved from their friends, for Mr. Ruskin's letter is the unkindest cut of all. That these men deserve the most stringent criticism, I must believe, since nothing can equal the arrogance of their opinion, or the

impudent violation of truth which they parade before the world and desire us to believe; but they possess ability, and it is not improbable, that when, by and by, they have shuffled aside the whim to which they are at present bound, they may produce works which shall challenge our admiration.

Of the landscapes in the Academy, there is one by LINNELL which adds something to his already great fame—so bright, so fresh and true is it. In the quality of *light* he is unsurpassed—CRESWICK is lower in tone than usual, and hardly so pleasing. LEE is as usual, and SIDNEY COOPER re-presents to us his eternal *cows*, and ABRAHAM COOPER his eternal *Arabs*. DANBY will hardly impress strangers by what he this year exhibits. Cook has some views of *Venice*, which are very fine. There are several works by French and German artists, which look brown in color and academic in composition. I believe in the *life* of this school, and that it is in the right road for advancement.

I had nearly forgot to say that HEALY exhibits a portrait of *Mr. Calhoun*, which keeps its place well, and exhibits some very nice color in the flesh tints.

In miniature, THORBURN and ROSS maintain their supremacy, although it were to be wished that the latter had the former's strength, for in truth of drawing and delicacy of detail he is much before him.

Your obedient, P.

We have permission to extract the following from a recent letter from LEUTZE:

DUSSELDORF, May, 1851.

Many thanks for the books. The *Scarlet* letter is splendid—best thing of the kind I have read for an age,—pictures plenty! but I could only paint one: let me continue the fable. I was struck, when some years ago in the Schwarzwald, (in an old castle), with one picture in the portrait gallery; it has haunted me ever since. It was not the beauty or finish that charmed me, it was something strange in the figures, the immense contrast between the child and what was supposed to be her *gouvernante* in the garb of some severe order; the child, a girl, was said to be the ancestress of the family, a princess from some foreign land. No sooner had I read the *Scarlet* letter, than it burst clearly upon me that the picture could represent no one else than Hester Prynne and little Pearl. I hurried to see it again, and found my suppositions corroborated, for the formerly inexplicable embroidery on the breast of the woman, which I supposed was the token of her order, assumed the form of the letter, and though partially hidden by the locks of the girl and the flowers in her hair, I set to work upon it at once, and made as close a copy of it, with all its quaintness, as was possible to me, which I shall send you soon. How Hester Prynne ever came to be painted, I can't imagine; it must certainly have been a freak of little Pearl. Strange enough, the castle name is Perlenburg, the Castle of Pearls, or Pearl Castle, as you please. I am sure you will be struck with it quite as much as myself.

We have received a letter lately from Mr. PAGE, under date of Florence, May 4th, 1851, in which he gives us occasion to hope that our readers may at some future time have the privilege of reading from his pen an account of